

A

SATYR AGAINST THE VERTUE.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyratis aut carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis — Juven. Sat. viii. 63*



LONDON:
Printed in the Year, 1679.

SEVENTH

TO THE

READER.

THIS had never seen the Light, but
that the Publisher does propose Gain
to himself by it; and Interest you
know governs the World. It cannot, I am
sure, do much hurt, for that there are but few
will understand it; and for the more ingeni-
ous, I hope, they will make better use of it.

T. A.

1700.
Printed in the Year 1700.

A

POEM:

Supposed to be spoken by a Town-Hector.

PINDARIQUE,

In Imitation of Mr. Cowley.

(1.)



O W Curses on ye all ye virtuous Fools,

Who think to fetter free-born souls,

And tie 'um to dull morality and rules.

The Stagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of Learned Ideots, who his steps pursue;

And those more silly Proselytes whom his fond precepts drew.

¶ Oh, had his Ethicks been with their wild Author drown'd,
Or a like Fate which those lost Writings found,

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjust Flames expire:

They nere had then seduc'd Morality,
Ne're lasted to débauch the World with their lewd Pedantry.

But damn'd and more (if Hell can do't) be that their cursed
 Who e're the Rudiments of Law design'd; (name,
 Who e're did the first model of Religion frame,

By nought before but their own power or will confin'd :

Now quite abridged of all their Primitive Liberty
 And slaves to each capricious Monarchs Tyranny.

More happy Brutes who the great Rule of Sense observe,
 And ne're from their first Charter swerve.

Happy whose lives are meekly to enjoy,
 And feel no sting of sin which may their bliss annoy.

Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill or good,
 Distinctions, unadulterate Nature never understood.

of soft H-awt a ye rd nay o'ed or bologn

(2.)

Hence hated Vertue from our godly Isle,

No more our joys beguile,

No more with thy loath'd presence plague our happy state,
 Thou enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or great.

Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,

To some unfruitful unfrequented Land,

And there an Empire gain,

And there extend thy rigorous command:

There where illiberal Natures nigardise

It has set a Tax on Vice.

Where the lean barren Region does enhance

The worth of dear intemperance.

And forech pleasurable sin exacts excise,

We (thanks to Heaven) more cheaply can offend,

And want no tempting Luxuries,

No good convenient framing opportunities, (nefs lend.

Which Natures bounty could bestow, or Heavens kind.

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,

Who here too sore disgusting at increasing Vice,

Dislik'd the World, and thought it too profane,

And timely hence retired, and kindly ne're return'd again:

Hence

Henee to those airy Mansions rove,
Converse with Saints and holy folks above;

Those may thy presence woo,
Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to do :

Where haughty scornful I,
And my great Friends, will ne're vouchsafe thee company.

Thou'rt now a hard unpracticable good,
Too difficult for flesh and blood :

Were I all soul, like them, perhaps, I'd learn to practise

(3.)

Virtue, thou solemn grave impertinence,

Abhorred by all the men of wit and sense,

Thou damn'd fatigue, that clogst lifes journey here,

Though thou no weight of wealth or profit bear;

Thou puling fond Green-sickness of the mind,

That makest us prove to our own selves unkind,

Whereby, we Coals and Dirt for diet chuse,

And, pleasure, better food, refuse,

Curst ill, that leadst deluded Mortals on,

Till they too late do find themselves undone,

Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion,

The greatest Votary thou e're couldst boast,

Pity so brave a Soul, was on thy service lost;

What wonders he in wickedness had done,

Whom thy weak power could so inspire alone !

There long with fond amours he courted thee,

Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry.

At length, though late, he did repent with shame,

Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name.

So was that Leacher gull'd whose haughty love,

Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods a-

When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,

He found a gaudy vapour in the place,

And with thin Air beguil'd his stary'd embrace.

Idely he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself to oblige an unperforming Cloud.

(4)

If Human bind to thee, e're worship paid,
They were by ignorance misled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
None hap'ly in the Worlds rude untaught infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childish innocence.
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or watcht the manhood and discretion of Debauchery ;
None in those antient Godly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had ingrois'd all crimes ;
When Christian fools were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel freedom understood.
Tame easie Fops who could so prodigally bleed,
To be thought Saints, and dye a Calender with red :
No prudent Heathen e're seduc'd could be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee,
Only that errant AIs whom the false Oracle called wise ;
No wonder if the Devil uttered lies.
That snivelling Puritan who in spight of all the mode,
Would be unfashionably good,
And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice ;
Him all the Wits of Abens damn'd,
And justly with Lampoons defam'd.
But when the mad Phanatick could not silenc'd be,
From broaching dangerous Divinity ;
The wise Republick made him for prevention die,
And sent him to the Gods and better Company.
Let Fumbling Age be grave and wise,
And Vertues poor contemn'd Idea prize,

Who

Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of Vice,
 While we whose active pulses beat
 With lusty youth and vigorous heat,
 Can all their Bards--and Morals too despise,
 While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and blood.
 Let not one thought of her intrude,
 Or dare approach my breast,
 But know its all possest
 By a more welcom guest.
 And know I have not yet the leisure to be good.
 If ever unkind destiny,
 Shall force long life of me ;
 If e're I must the curse of dotage bear,
 Perhaps I will dedicate those dregs of Time to her,
 And come with crutches her most humble votary.
 When sprightly vice retreats from hence,
 And quits the ruin of decay'd sense,
 She'll serve to usher in a fair pretence,
 And banish with the name, a well dissembled impotence.
 When Tiffick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies sieze,
 And all the Bills of Maladies,
 Which Heaven to punish over living Mortals sends ;
 Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities, (tends
 Herself the greatest place, which wrinkles and gray hairs at-

(6.)

Tell me, ye Venerable Sois, who Court her most,
 What small advantage can she boast,
 Which her great Rival hath not in a greater score ingrost.
 Her quiet claim and peace of mind,
 In Wine and Company we better find.
 Find it with pleasure to combine.
 In mighty Wine, where we our senses steep,
 And Lull our Cares and Consciences asleep.

But why do I that wild Chimer's name ?
 Conscience ! that giddy Airy Dream,
 Which does from brain-sick heads and ill digesting stomachs
 Conscience ! the vain phantastick fear
 Of punishments, we know not when nor where:
 Projects of crafty Statesmen to support weak Law,
 Whereby they flayish Spirits awe,
 And dastard Souls to forc'd obedience draw.
 Grand wheedle which our Gown'd Impostors use,
 The poor unthinking Rabble to abuse,
 Scarecrow to fright's from the forbidden fruit of vice,
 Their own beloved Paradise:
 Let those vile Canters wickedness decry,
 Whose Mercenary tongues take pay
 For what they say ;
 And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
 While we discerning Heads, who furthest pry
 Their holy Cheats, deny
 And scorn their frauds,
 And storn their sanctified Cajoulerie.
 None but dull Souls discredit vice,
 Who act their wickedness with an ill grace ;
 Such their profession scandalize,
 And justly forfeit all that praise :
 All that esteem that credit and applause,
 Which we by our wise manage from a sin can raise,
 A true and brave transgressor ought
 To sin with the same spirit *Cæsar* fought :
 Mean Souls ! offenders now no honours gain,
 Only debaucher of the noble strain,
 Vice well improved yields bliss and fame beside,
 And some for sinning have been deified.

Thus the Lewd Gods of old did move,
 By those brave methods, to their seats above.
 E're Jove himself the Sovereign Deity,
 Father and King of the immortal Progeny,
 Ascended to that high Degree ;
 By crimes beyond the reach of weak Mortality,
 He Heaven one large Seraglio made,
 Each Goddess turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' trade ;
 And all that Sacred place
 Was filled with Bastard Gods of his own race :
 Almighty Lechery got his first repute,
 And everlasting Whoring was his chiefest Attribute.

(8.)

How Gallant was that wretch whose happy guilt,
 A Fame upon the Ruines of a Temple built !
 Let fools, said he, quietly alledg'd,
 And urge the no great fault of Sacriledg'd :
 Ile set the Sacred Pile on Flame,
 And in its Ashes write my lasting Name,
 My Name which thence shall be
 Deathless as its own Deity.
 Thus the vain glorious Caron Fle out-do,
 And Egypt's proudest Monarch too ;
 Those lavish Prodigals who idly did consume
 Their Lives and Treasures to erect a Tomb,
 And only great, by being buried, would become,
 At cheaper rates than they I'l buy Renown.
 So spake the daring Hector, so did Prophecy,
 And so it prov'd, in vain did envious Fate
 By fruitless methods try,
 To raze his well built Fame and Memory.
 Amongst Posterity :
 The Bountefu can now Immortal write,
 While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperör ;
 A greater crime besittēd his high Power,
 Who sacrific'd a City to a Jeſt,
 And shew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of humour best.
 He made all *Rome* a Bonefire for loud Fame,
 And Sung, and play'd and danc'd amidst the Flame ;
 Bravely begun ! yet pity there he stay'd,
 One step, to Glory, more he should have made :
 He ſhould have heaved the noble frolick higher,
 And made the People on that Funeral expire,
 Or, providently, with their blood put out the Fire.
 Had this been done,
 The utmoſt of glory he had run ;
 No greater Monument could be
 To consecrate him to eternity,
 Nor ſhould there need another Herald of his praise but me.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle,
 Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl ;
 'Twere injury ſhould I omit thy name,
 Whose Actions merit all the breath of Fame.
 Methinks, I ſee the trembling shades below,
 All round, in humble reverence bow ;
 Doubtful they ſeem, whether, to pay their Loyalty
 To their dread Monarch, or to thee :
 No wonder he grew jealous of thy fear'd ſuccesſ,
 Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedneſſ,
 And ſpoyl'd that brave attempt which ſhould have made his
 How e're regret not, mighty Ghost, (grandeur less.)
 Thy Plot by treacherous fortune croſt,
 Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.

Thou

Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share, (couldst dare,
 And all will judg thou art compleat enough; when thou
 So thy great Master fared , whose high disdain,
 Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not Reign,
 When he with bold ambition strove,
 T'usurp the Throne above.
 And led against the Deity an armed Train,
 Though from his vast designs he fell,
 O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
 Yet gained he Victory in his overthrow.
 He gained sufficient Triumph that he durst Rebel, (in Hell.
 And't was some pleasure to be thought the greatest one

(11.)

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what shall I do
 To be illustrious as you.
 Let your example move me with a generous Fire,
 Let them into my daring thoughts inspire
 Somewhat compleatly wicked, some vast Gyant-crime, (time.
 Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd by all past and present
 'Tis done, 'tis done, I think I feel the powerful charms,
 And a new heat of sin my spirit warms :
 I travel with a glorious mischief, for whose birth, (forth.
 My Soul's too narrow, and weak fate too feeble yet to bring
 Let the unpitied vulgar tamely go
 And stalk for company, the wide Plantation below :
 Such their vile Souls for viler Barter sell,
 Scaree worth the damning, or their room in Hell.
 We are his Grandees, and expect as high preferments there,
 For our good Service, as on earth we share
 In them, sin is but a meer privative of good,
 The frailty and defect of flesh and blood :
 In us 'tis a perfection, who profess
 A studied and elaborate wickedness.

We are the great Royal Society of Vice,
 Whose Talents are to make discoveries,
 And aduantage Sin like other Arts and Sciences,
 It's I the bold *Columbus*, only I,
 Who must new Worlds in Vice descry,
 And fix the pillars of unpassable iniquity.

How sneaking was the first débauch we find;
 Who for so small a sin sold Human kind.
 How undeserving that high place,
 To be thought Parent of our sin and race,
 Who by low guilt our nature doubly did debase :

Unworthy was he to be thought
 Father of the first born *Cain*, which got
 The noble *cain*, whose bold and gallant act
 Proclaim'd him of more high extract.
 Unworthy me,
 And all the braver part of his Posterity.
 Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead,
 I had done some great and unexampled deed ;
 A Deed which should decry
 The Stoicks dull Ezhallity,
 And shew that sin admits transcendency :
 A Deed wherein the Tempter should not share (could dare
 Above what Heaven could punish, and above what he
 For greater crimes than this I would have fell,
 And acted somewhat which might merit more than Hell.

*An Apologie for the preceeding Poem, by way
of Epilogue, to be annexed.*

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuse
Th'extravagance of a Repenting Muse,
Pardon what e're she hath too boldly said,
She only acted here in Masquerade.
For the slight Argument. She did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce,
So we Buffoons in Princely dress expose.
Not to be gay, but more Ridiculous.
When she an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought she must be Termagant and mad.
That made our Spark like a lewd punk o'th Town,
Who by converse with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Virtue down.
But now the Wizards off, she changes Scene.
And turns a modest civil Girl agen.
Our Poet has a different tast of Wit,
Nor will toth' Common Vogue himself submit.
Let some admire the Fops whose Talents lye
In venting dull insipid Blasphemy,
He swears, he cannot with those terms dispense,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of sense.
Wits Name was never to profaneness due,
For then you see he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he is Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame whose guilty Birth from Treason springs.
He likes not Wit which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not set his Name.

Wit should be open, court each Readers eye,
 Not lurk in fly unprinted privacy.
 But Criminal Writers, like dull Birds of Night,
 For weakness, or for shame avoid the light ;
 May such, a Jury for the Audience have,
 And from the Bench, not Pitt, their doom receive.
 May they the Tower for their due merits share,
 And a just wreath of Hemp, not Laurel, wear :
 He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
 In what they dearly love : Darn'd placket Rhimes,
 Such as our Nobles write —
 Whose Nasceous Poetry can reach no higher
 Than what the Codpiece, or its God inspire.
 So lewd they spend at quill you'd justly think,
 They wrote with some thing nastier than Ink.
 But he still thought that little Wit, or none,
 Which a just modesty must never own,
 And a meer Reader with a Blush a Tone.
 If Ribauldry deserved the praise of Wit,
 He must resign to each illiterate Citt,
 And Prentices and Carmen challenge it.
 Even they too can be smart and witty there ;
 For all men on that Subject Poets are,
 Henceforth he Vows, if ever more he find
 Himself toth' busie itch of Verse inclin'd,
 If e're he's given up so far to write,
 He never means to make his end delight :
 Should he do so, he must despair success,
 For he's not now debaucht enough to please,
 And must be damn'd for want of wickedness.
 He'll therefore use his Wit another way,
 And next the ugliness of Vice display.
 Though against Virtue once he drew his Pen,
 He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
 Had he the Genius and Poetick rage,
 Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.

Were

Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of Spight,
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write;
To Noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
And bite Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
And shoot his Quill just like a Porcupine
At Vice, and make it stab in every Vein,
The world should learn to blush,
And dread the Vengeance of his—Wit,
Which more than their own Consciences should fright,
And shoud think him for Heavens just Plague design'd
To visit for the sins of lewd Mankind.

F I N I S.

